





# THE HERALD.

JOHN P. BARRETT, JR.  
JOHN L. CASE,  
WALLACE GRUELLE, EDITOR.  
HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY.,  
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1875.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Wednesday, March 10.  
The Texas Senate has passed a bill repealing all laws requiring hotels to procure license.

It is rumored that Plymouth church has subscribed \$125,000 to defray the expenses of Beecher's defense, and that Bowen protested against the appropriation.

Owing to the passage of the civil-rights bill, the proprietors of the two principal hotels at Chattanooga have surrendered their licenses, and will conduct their establishments as private boarding-houses.

The Hon. John Young Brown, of Kentucky, has won the admiration of every lady and gentleman in the South for his castigation of the late Secessionist. He has been named for him.

Last week we noticed the presence of myriads of grasshoppers in the fields around Stanton, Va. Strange to say that the fearfully cold weather did not affect them in the least, and while the thermometer was ten degrees below zero they were hopping about as lively as ever. On Monday last the fields were still full of them.

A man by the name of Hugo Bver, a painter by trade, committed suicide at Nacogdoches, Texas, in the following manner: He took on February 19, 2 ounces of laudanum; February 20, 2 ounces of laudanum and 3 ounces chloroform; February 21, 2 ounces chloroform and 1 ounce morphine; February 22, 2 ounces chloroform; February 23, 2 ounces chloroform and 1 ounce chloral, and died on the 25th instant at 11 p. m. This will surprise the oldest medical men of the age.

John Jordan, an industrious, hard-working, well-behaved colored man, died in Somerville, Tenn., Monday night. From what we can learn he was the victim of a supposed conjuration. Fully believing he had been conjured, and with a view of relieving himself of the evil, he had swallowed doses after doses of the most powerful emetics, until his system was completely exhausted, and he paid the penalty of his superstitious belief with his life.

Early yesterday morning, as a woman went into the saloon of Julius Wilcke, in Chicago, Ill., to get some beer, she discovered the dead body of the proprietor. There was a deep gash in his skull above the right eye from which the brains were oozing, and another cut from the mouth to the chin. A hatchet was lying on the floor, and the pockets of the victim were turned out and rifled. No trace of the murderer had been discovered, but his object was doubtless money, since it was known that Wilcke expected to receive \$1,500 on Saturday evening.

Mr. Geo. Bright, an old resident of Fannin county, Texas, was killed at his home, near Honey Grove, on the 24th, under the following circumstances: It seems that Mr. B. had punished one of his children on the day previous, and, on the morning of the shooting affair, had ordered this one to get up and make a fire. The boy complained of feeling unwell, and, on his refusal to get up, his father attempted to whip him, but his mother interposed. The quarrel between the husband and wife was bitter, and Mrs. B. testifies that he was about to strike her, when James Bright, a boy of about twenty, jerked down a gun that was hanging on the wall, and shot him dead. The young man then made his escape. The neighbors state that there had been considerable trouble between Mr. and Mrs. B. for some time previous, and a difficulty between the young man and his father only a few days before. The evidence adduced at the coroner's inquest leaves no doubt on the mind of the jury but that the murder was premeditated. Every possible effort has been made to secure the murderer, but as yet without success.

On Friday last a terrible tragedy was enacted in DeSoto parish, La., a few miles south of Spring Ridge. It seems that an old man named Samuel Sanford, 77 years old, his son John Sanford, aged 30 years, and a son-in-law of the old man, named Ben Pittman, while they were way from Shelby county, Texas, to Shreveport, stopped on the side of the road to rest dinner. As the old man was sitting against a tree, his son stepped up to him, drew his six-shooter and remarking: "I have got you where I have wanted you for four years," fired two shots into his father's side or breast. The latter staggered up, mounted his horse and galloped off, when the son pursued him, and, overtaking him, presented his pistol at his head. The old man begged him not to shoot again, saying "you have killed me, and I wish to say something before I die," or something to that effect. The son then rode off and man his father's horse. A party from Spring Ridge, shortly after the horrible tragedy, went in pursuit of the murderer, but failed to overtake him. At last accounts Mr. Sanford was alive, but not expected to recover. From what we could learn, the act was prompted by a desire on the part of the son to get the property of the father.

Last Monday, near Huntsville, Tenn., just over the Madison line, in Haywood county, a negro woman left home for a few minutes, leaving two small children in charge of a negro girl about twelve years old. When she returned having an hour later, she found her children, who she had left alone and healthy, both lying together dead. They looked perfectly natural, with no sign of violence on them. The alarm was given to the neighbors by the half-distracted mother, suspicion rested on the girl. She was charged with poisoning the child, and first she denied it, but, when the mother, she went to a log close by and took from under it a bottle of strychnine. She had been hired as a nurse by the father of the children, and was opposed to living with the family. It is supposed she poisoned the children to get rid of nursing and caring for them. She says a negro man gave her the poison, and told her to put it in the barrel of meal, and she would then get to go back home. Several negroes have been arrested, but it is not positively known whether they have the guilty one or not. Whoever furnished the poison evidently expected to kill the whole family.

## Thursday, March 11.

H. Lafree was found dead in bed at a hotel in Omaha Monday evening. He came there lately from Chicago.

At Indianapolis last night a brute, named Lewis Bishop, cut his wife's throat because she refused to live with him any longer.

A Mrs. Evans, residing in Seymour,

Conn., yesterday cut the throat of her two children, aged six and three years, and then cut her own throat.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of the New York Tribune, sent to-day \$2,000 more to Kansas and Nebraska for sufferers in the drought devastated by the grasshoppers. This makes a total of \$12,000 sent from the Tribune dollar fund for the needy of those states.

Notice in an Atlanta saloon: Owing to circumstances which I need not recount, I shall be forced to adopt in the future the following rates:

Beer, by the glass, \$10 00  
Whisky toddy, 15 00  
Hand straight, 12 00  
and so on in proportion. To regular customers I will make a liberal discount.

C. J. WEINSTEIN.

Benjamin F. Woodside, a merchant at Chillicothe, Madison county, Tenn., was drowned in Abram's creek about noon, Wednesday, March 11. Woodside was a young son of Mr. Boyd McMurray who was crossing the creek a short distance where it empties into Little Tennessee river, using a rope, stretched across, to pull the canoe over. The canoe upset—Mr. Woodside becoming entangled in the rope was swept under the water and was killed. His body remained fastened to the rope until rescued. Young McMurray reached the bank in safety.

On Wednesday morning last Lewis Finley, residing seven miles from Benton, Saline county, Ark., met a horrible death by the accidental discharge of a shot-gun. The gun had been placed beside a tree and, taking it up, one of the barrels was discharged, the entire contents entering the face of the deceased, blowing his head entirely off, scattering the brains fifteen feet around.

A negro by the name of Dunn, alias Smith, who broke jail (a room with cover) from Pleasanton, Texas, a short time since, stole two horses in Wilson county, on the Borego creek, from Mr. Conaghan and Mr. Tackett. They followed him to the Guadalupe river, at or near Seguin, where they retook the stolen horses. It is reported that when Dunn saw he was being overhauled, he took ambuscade in the bushes and drew his pistol. The pursuers took their horses and came away, leaving him. But whether or not the negro will break more jails and steal more horses, remains to be seen.

The vicinity of Woodville, Texas was thrown into consternation and excitement last Monday evening by the shooting of a gentleman of the name of Pierce by another of the name Tomlinson, resulting in the death of the gentleman shot. It appears that the cause that led to this tragic event was a dispute about the division of some corn, during which accusations were made by Tomlinson, that the sons of Pierce had stolen some of his corn. The two sides were passed and Mr. T. retreated to his wagon, and he claimed that as Mr. P. was advancing on him with a stick he shot him in self-defense. It is alleged by others that Mr. P. did not have a stick as was alleged by Tomlinson. Mr. T. now lodges in jail, failing to give bond for \$1,000 bail.

Martin Castavana, postmaster at Independence, Grayson county, Va., was arrested on the 2nd inst., by Special Postoffice Agent Eugene Lewis, charged with robbing the United States mails. For some six or eight months past registered letters, and letters containing money, addressed to that office, have failed to arrive, and valuable letters sent from the office, it is charged, have not been received; and suspicion resting upon the postmaster, the proper measures were taken for his detection, and resulted in his arrest as above stated. The accused was taken to Lynchburg yesterday morning and taken before United States Commissioner Patterson, who sent him on for indictment by the grand jury of Judge River's court, which meets on the 16th inst. The prisoner was committed to jail in default of \$5,000 bail to await the action of the grand jury.

The Alexandria, (Va.) Gazette has a report from Fauquier county, Va., that Saturday last a colored man named Haines, went to the house of his mistress, between Markham and Piedmont, and seizing a hatchet made a murderous assault upon the children, cutting and slashing them terribly. The woman resisted and fought him, but he was too strong for her, and by where it was ended by her splitting his head open with an ax and stretching him dead at her feet. The woman was hurt seriously, and the children so badly that they will probably die.

A shocking accident occurred at Mt. Pleasant mine, Seneca, Pa., yesterday, when two boys, named Henry Welch and John Owens, were crushed to death in a coal screen. Both lads were employed in the screen room separating slate from coal. Welch was in the act of stepping across the screen, when his foot was caught in the ponderous machine, which was revolving slowly. His cries brought to his aid his companion, Owens, a boy some fifteen years of age, who bravely and in face of a fearful fate sought to extricate him. In the effort his arm was caught in the screen; and before the machinery could be brought to a standstill, both boys were crushed into shapeless masses. Their heads and arms were severed from their bodies, and altogether they presented a shocking spectacle.

## Friday, March 12.

There are said to be more buffaloes on the Texas prairies now than for a number of years.

A son of Ben. Andrews, of Birdville, Texas, has only just returned from war.

A 110 years old mulatto, named Squire Haines, lives in Bell county, Texas. He is a native of Tennessee.

Dispatches from St. Johns, N. F., say the bodies of over forty persons, who died there this winter, have been temporarily interred in the snow, which lies in such immense quantities in the cemeteries as to prevent the opening of graves.

Many women and children were drowned by the wreck of the steamship Guttenburg in Bass straits, between Australia and New Zealand, last Saturday night, several weeks ago, information of which reached London last Sunday. Only twenty-two of the passengers and crew were saved.

A negro girl of Oglethorpe county, Ga., had a child when she was twelve years old. At the age of twelve that child was a mother, making the woman a grandchild when she was twelve years old. This is said to be the youngest grandmother on record. For the truth of the above, the name of Rev. J. G. Gibson is given by the Oglethorpe Echo.

A well-known saloon keeper of Clarksville, Tenn., named John Manning, committed suicide on Saturday night last by taking arsenic. The cause was financial trouble. He left a wife and several children.

Sullivan, and very seriously injuring Munhall, whose recovery is pronounced impossible.

A stabbing affray occurred at No. 412 Clark street, Chicago, about 11 o'clock last night, which will doubtless result in the death of a boy of 17 named Billy Fish. It seems that he was accosted by Sally Tierney, a girl sixteen years old, with whom he had been intimate. She asked him to accompany her home, and on his refusing she stabbed him above the heart, the knife penetrating to the lungs and severing an air passage. She was intoxicated at the time, and in conversation with a reporter a short time afterward, affirmed her intention of killing Fish, with horrible blasphemies. She professed to have been seduced and deserted by her victim.

A correspondent sends the Murfreesboro (Tenn.) News the following account of the drowning of five negroes in Stone river. A very sad accident happened on Tuesday last, and it had gone to the Nashville on the 8 o'clock train, and left Mr. John Sullivan in charge of my business, with orders to have a load of ploughs taken to Murfreesboro for repair. Mr. Sullivan went from the old Benjamin Rucker home, stood in charge of the wagon and team, with a young girl sixteen years old, Stone river not being fordable, the wagon was driven across by Lucassas, and crossing Bone's bridge on the Murfreesboro and Liberty pike, came around to another farm of mine known as the Sharp farm. Here Mr. Sullivan had more ploughs put into the wagon, and started the driver off to town with the team. In the massing a colored man named Jesse Cuckler, a woman named Catherine Cuckler, a boy named James Cuckler, two young girls, Phillis and Sarah Cuckler, sisters of the boy and the children of James and Susan Cuckler, colored, who lived on my place, had all crossed the river in a skiff, and went to town afoot, in advance of the wagon. In the evening the wagon returned, and the parties who went on foot in the morning came out in it in the evening, about an hour to sunset. Instead of the driver going back by the bridge as he had been directed, he undertook to ford the river, when the whole party, except one girl, Phillis Cuckler, were drowned.

## Saturday, March 13.

Cameron county, Texas, is crunching new potatoes.

San Antonio, Texas, was freezing its own ice last week.

The Dallas (Texas) Commercial says that the gentleman who eloped from that place a short time ago with another married lady, has returned to the arms of his first love.

The discovery of gold and silver around the sleepy old town of Newburyport, Mass., has increased the value of land from \$8 per acre to \$2,000 per acre.

A colored man in Shreveport, La., fired at the thief who was stealing his corn, and, when he failed to see the effect of his shot, he found his respected father-in-law curled up near the corn-crib.

Last night at Sauk Center, Minn., a stable, belonging to the Sauk Center House, was burned, together with thirteen horses, eleven of which belonged to farmers and teamsters.

Pinchback spent a very freely of what he will do in case of his being rejected again. He proposes to appeal to his own race, and to tell them they have been sold and betrayed in the house of their pretended friends.

A special dispatch from Sioux City, Iowa, to the Chicago Times says that many strangers have arrived to join Gordon's Black Hills expedition, which is to start April 5. The indications are that there will be over a thousand men ready by that time.

A difficulty occurred at Marshall, Mo., last Saturday between Thos. Doak and J. T. Waddill, who were quarreling over all sorts at Waddill, missing him, but mortally wounding John Morrison and a young boy, whose name is not given. Doak was arrested.

Miss Sallie Combs, who was living with her uncle and aunt in Union, Tenn., committed suicide Saturday morning by hanging herself. Her family is naturally thought to be the cause. She was a daughter of Wm. Combs, who, some years since, was run over by the freight train near Vauca, and killed. The manner in which he was killed gave his daughter great trouble of mind. Some think she has never been rightly at herself since.

It is stated Mr. Colburn, of Indiana, famous for his recent exploits in the outrage business, was a disappointed applicant for a foreign mission, but was beaten by the army influence, and is now so much worked up by his failure that there is danger of his becoming disloyal and joining the Democracy.

A special dispatch says a desperado named Hall took a negro into a saloon at Waverly, Mo., kept by a man named Buel, and attempted to place him on an equality with white men under the civil rights law. The bar-keeper protested. Hall insisted. The bar-keeper then chased the negro out of the saloon with a revolver. Another negro named Bell then interfered, and the bar-keeper shot him dead.

A lady living about six miles east of Sweetwater, Tenn., some two weeks since gave birth to three healthy girls, weighing respectively seven, seven, and four pounds, seventeen in all, all of whom up to this writing are doing well. She is a member of a respectable family, and is now living with a second husband, having lost her first one during the war. She is the mother of five children by her first husband, and four by her second husband—the four having been born at two births.

One Logan, alias Hickey, was killed at the stage stand next to Tullahoma, Tenn., on the Santa Fe road, by a man named Williams. Hogan had abused Williams and his wife on several occasions, and returning on Saturday to the house to go through the same programme, Williams warned Hogan if he did not desist and leave the premises, he would kill him in five minutes. Hogan spent the five minutes in cursing Williams and his wife. Nelson was filing a saw, when the engineer, a boy about eighteen years old, told him to hurry, as the steam was getting too high. The explosion followed almost immediately, blowing the engineer about sixty feet, but only slightly injuring Nelson.

storing her health, having dyspepsia and predisposition to consumption. No son or had she arrived there than she became very dependent, expressing a desire to return home. Her relatives using every means to make her visit pleasant and agreeable, the dependency of Miss Lou gradually gave way to more buoyant hopes. But on Thursday morning, the 4th inst., she awoke at an early hour, feeling very much depressed. She arose, and without dressing, went into an adjoining room occupied by a young lady cousin, and laying down beside her, asked the question, "If you were going to commit suicide, how would you accomplish the deed, by cutting your throat or shooting yourself?" Her cousin's reply was that she would prefer the latter. The conversation turned upon other matters, and nothing more was said upon the subject. Miss Lou getting up and going into another room, in a few seconds the report of a pistol distinctly heard proceeding from the room in which she had sought the moment before. At this the family hastened into the room, and to their horror found the young lady had shot herself, inflicting a fatal wound. Strange to say, the force of the shot had not been sufficient to tell her. Necessary assistance was instantly called, and the girl, who was stimulated offered her, but she refused them, saying she desired to die.

## Monday, March 15.

The New Hampshire election was not such a great Republican victory, after all. They elected their governor by a majority of eleven, and their majority of the Legislature. The Democrats elected a majority of the members of the Council (Senate), and two of the three Congressmen.

Bill Fish, who was stabbed by the young woman Tierney at Chicago last Thursday night, and who has been lying in a critical condition ever since, will probably recover.

A lady of Monroe county, Tenn., presented her husband with three babies all alive and well. Talk about immigration! Runners and carriers are scarce. The river, when the whole party, except one girl, Phillis Cuckler, were drowned.

Rome, Ga., was almost entirely under water last week. The citizens were compelled to use boats in going from place to place.

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Miss Allie Lou, daughter of Mr. S. A. Atkinson, of New York city, had been on a visit to her relative, Mr. A. Atkinson of Madison, Ga., for the last four months. Her visit South was for the purpose of re-

placed in the penitentiary—all inside of forty hours.

One night last week J. F. Yates, living near Grand Avenue Cave, Barren county, left his wife and five or six children, the youngest only a few days old, and eloped with a woman (having one child) whose reputation was not sufficient to secure her a home with respectable people.

Miss Ann Ferrand, of Boyle county, died last Monday night, of the singular and rare disease known as gangrene. Only a day or two before her death she cut her hand with a case-knife, which at the time was regarded as an ordinary affair, but was soon followed by an intense pain and other extraordinary symptoms, and finally culminated in her death.

The house of John W. Price, some two miles from Haverhill, was consumed by fire on last Saturday, when nobody was at home. There was nothing saved except the clothing the family had on. Mr. Price was in the coal bank at work, and had on his summer clothes. A lot of groceries just laid in, and all of the provisions, including meat for the week, were destroyed. He is a poor man, and it is therefore a serious loss to him.

There recently resided in Marion county a family named Frost, which consisted of five sons and the parents. Actuated by a desire, probably, to propitiate the winter king, the father named his boys as follows: Severe Frost, Winter Frost, Jack Frost, White Frost, and Black Frost. Under the genial warmth of Kentucky's summer suns the family has become dissipated and is now scattered abroad in different climes. Mr. White Frost visited Lebanon a few days since, and although every one was "dying" for "warm weather," he was heartily welcomed by his many friends. This is no joke, though it reads like one.

Frankfort was startled one morning last week by the report that Mr. James Hullett, a well known merchant of Benson Depot, had attempted suicide by taking a dose of strychnine. Subsequently the report was for the most part confirmed, and it was ascertained that early Monday morning he had taken a dose of arsenic instead of strychnine. Several of his neighbors rushed to the rescue, and one of them gave him a strong "netic," which relieved him long before the physician summoned from Frankfort could reach him. There are many reports in circulation as to the cause of this attempted suicide; but, without going into particulars, it may be stated they all point to domestic troubles as at the bottom of it.

A Howe's Valley correspondent of the Elizabethtown News reports a fourteen-year-old negro boy who has six toes on each foot, and five fingers and a thumb on the right hand. The same correspondent vouches for the following: "Squire James Allison, while digging on his farm, unearthed an ordinary grub-worm, but by some process or freak of nature had been transformed into a hard woody substance, still preserving its form—head, body, eyes, teeth, &c. A sprout is growing out of one side of the head near one inch and a half long, not unlike the germ of an acorn. A second one is growing, also, on the other side, near a quarter of an inch in length. The 'Squire' has planted it in a box filled with earth so as to observe the nature and growth of this wonder."

Mr. John Bailey and some other gentlemen brought to Glasgow on Monday, a fearful issue of a ring, who made his appearance in the Nicholas neighborhood, on Fallin Timber last Sunday evening, and alarmed some ladies, where he happened in his crazy wanderings. The ladies sent for Mr. Bailey, who went over and arrested the lunatic, and kept him in confinement until Monday, when he was brought to town, and after proper investigation, he was placed in jail until further disposition could be made of him. He represents himself as being from East Tennessee, and says his name is Simmons. He has a very ardent desire to marry, but this must not be construed as evidence of his insanity.

An old negro woman by the name of Brown, living about nine miles south of Covington, on the farm of Mr. Pullen, had a daughter about twelve or thirteen years of age, who had for a long time been bed-ridden with a hopeless attack of paralysis. Her mother an incurable fiend, growing weary of the constant care and trouble which the afflicted daughter required as her hands, determined to put her out of the way, by the fire, the place, and tying a rope around her neck, she began saturating her head and clothing from a bottle of turpentine she had procured for the purpose. The child struggled with what power of motion it could command, knocked the bottle from the hand of its mother and broke it, saturating the mother's clothing with the inflammable fluid. In the struggle, the mother's clothing took fire from the fireplace, and she abandoned her terrible crime to save her own life. She ran and threw herself into a branch near by, and extinguished the flames, but not until she was fatally injured. The clothing of the child also took fire, and it was very severely burned. At the time, it was supposed to be an accident, but the monster woman subsequently, when in the agonies of death from her burning, revealed the facts as above detailed.

The girl who can enjoy the bouquet of whisky, onions and pipe on the breath of her lover, has a stomach for any fate.

ADAM was the only man that ever lived who could truthfully boast that he never stole fruit in his boyhood.

A MAN in Indiana whittled up and ate a piece of pine plank the other day to win a wager. He afterward experienced a panic in his lumber regions.

It is hard to lose friend after friend, to see them slipping from you one by one; but it is harder still to find a towel with your eyes full of soap.

THE Cincinnati papers chronicle the death of a man who lived eighty years in their city, but studiously conceal the fact that the poor old man labored all those years under the delusion that he lived just across the river in Kentucky, and discovery of the error produced his death.

## KENTUCKY NEWS.

Hancock county farmers are troubled with fears that they won't have house room for their next year's crop of tobacco.

Anville hotel keepers are happy. They have not taken out license, and thus will be free from the annoyances of civil rights law, and now "private boarding" is fashionable.

Mr. J. B. Lyle, of Fayette county, recently found in his fold a lamb with two perfectly formed heads. It lived a day or two and then died.

Mr. James Forester, of Mercer county, had a fine Coiswood ewe to have four lambs a few nights since, and they are all in the land of the living.

A negro child was arrested in Frankfort Monday, brought up for trial Tuesday, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment, and Wednesday morning was

## TO THE DEMOCRACY OF KENTUCKY.

We desire to present a few thoughts, based upon recent deplorable and disgraceful occurrences, for your careful and patriotic consideration. In writing as we do, we are actuated by the purest of motives, and moved by our exceeding devotion to the principles of, and jealous consideration for the fair fame of, our party. For the past twenty years we have advocated with pen and voice the adoption of those principles by the American people. We have in that time seen Kentucky, our beloved native State, redeemed from captivity, and its statue set in the Valhalla of Democracy. We have sufficient vanity to believe that we contributed, in some small degree, to that desirable result. It is true enough, that once or twice, when extraneous issues were injected into the party, we were compelled to differ with a portion of our political brethren; but these differences passed away with the occasions that produced them, (and they were never antagonisms of principle), and left us all in full accord as before their intrusion.

With the late war—its causes or its merits—we of to-day have nothing to do. That is all dead and buried, and ought to be forgotten, matter. The sword was appealed to, and by its decision we must abide. No good can be accomplished by raking through the ashes of the late fratricidal strife, and dragging into view the charred skeleton of a quarrel that is dead. We fully and freely accord to those who occupied opposing sides credit for honesty in sentiment and patriotism in action. We mourn those who offered up their lives on either side as our common dead, as brothers who laid the extreme offering of devotion to what they deemed the sacred cause of liberty on the altar of their country. Their going forth to battle and sudden death we accept as the strongest evidence of their faith in the justice of their respective causes.— Standing by their graves, we ask not the color of the uniforms they wore, nor demand to know which flag they halloved by their blood. We only know that they sleep in a common earth, that an impartial sky bends over them all, and that the green grass and the beautiful flowers avoid not the graves of the one, nor concentrate their wealth of loveliness and adornment upon those of the other. We only know, and only care to know, that, enemies no longer, they repose,

Under the violets the blue,  
Under the lilies the gray;  
Under the lilies the blue,  
Under the violets the gray.

Discarding, then, the late war as a legitimate subject of discussion, and looking only to the perils that environ and threaten our liberties—perils greater and more imminent even than when we stood arrayed against each other in hostile lines of battle—it becomes us to employ all of our judgment, to summon all of our wisdom, to survey the critical situation with the coolest and keenest scrutiny we can command; and then, thrusting to one side all merely partisan and personal considerations, act as one man, fully realizing the gravity of the occasion and the extraordinary responsibility that rests upon each one individually, and so act that our State and our whole country shall be benefited and preserved by our action.

We cannot afford to create and foster dissensions in our ranks. There lives no man, we care not whom he may be, that has that claim upon us as a party, which demands that we should sacrifice the harmony, perhaps the very existence of the party, to advance his personal interests. When any candidate, we care not who he is, stoops to the lowest and vilest arts of the demagogue to accomplish his own selfish ends, producing ruptures at county conventions and creating estrangements between Democrats, spreadingschism and heart-burnings wherever he goes, he should be looked upon as the public enemy of the party and treated accordingly. The Democratic party of Kentucky to-day presents the anomalous spectacle of a besieged Troy, against which demagoguery is waging a fierce and unrelenting Panic war. The Greek horse of selfishness has been introduced into our citadel—the county convention—having couched in its hollow stomach armed and bitter dissensions. The fruits of this introduction of disguised and concealed enemies into our county convocations, are already sadly and disgracefully apparent in the results of the county conventions held in Owen, Bourbon, Hart and Daviess. The evil is now in its bud, and can be easily met and eradicated. If left to grow and gather volume and strength, it can have but one and that a disastrous termination. The harmony, the nobility of the party once destroyed, its usefulness will have passed away. In our union of sentiment and endeavor alone consists our strength. By united action only can we continue to conquer.

In the counties named above we were presented with the hitherto unheard-of spectacle of life-long Democrats, men of the first standing and position in their communities and in the party, being denied the right of expressing their sentiments in public meetings of a free people! Great God! and has it come to this, that Freedom of Speech is stricken down, stabbed, murdered, in Democratic conventions in the Democratic State of Kentucky? One of the principal grievances that led our fathers to throw off the yoke of British rule, was their deprivation of the freedom of speech by the parliament of England. And shall we, their descendants, submit to be robbed, through the arts and trickery of ambitious demagogues, of this dearest and most valued right of American Democrats? Forbid it Heaven! Democrats! Kentuckians! assert your manhood! Protect and preserve your party and your State from becoming the prey of such men! Let us lay the necks of the mischief-makers under the blade of the guillotine of our scorn and reprobation! Better forever banish from the party the designing and intriguing man who sets at defiance all our cherished traditions, all the rules of propriety and decency, and who pushes his schemes of selfish ambition into the very heart of the party as Brutus pushed his dagger to the heart of CÆSAR, than, like craven cowards, give way before him, and permit him to disrupt and destroy the party! What other treatment does the man deserve, who, while a candidate for the most exalted position in our gift, stoops to organize and lead a bolting faction because a regular county convention declines to instruct for him?

Oh, for a tongue to curse the slave,  
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,  
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,  
And blazes them in their hour of might!  
May life's unblest cup for him  
Be drugged with treach'ry to the brim,—  
With hopes, that but allure to fly,  
With joys, that vanish while he sips,  
Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,  
But turn to ashes on the lips!  
His country's curse, his children's shame,  
Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,  
May he, at last, with lips of flame  
On the parched desert thirsting die,—  
While lakes, that shone in mockery night,  
Are fading off, untouched, untailed,  
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted  
And, when from earth his spirit flies,  
Just Prophet, let the damned-one dwell  
Full in the sight of Paradise.  
Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!

HON. JOHN C. UNDERWOOD.  
This gentleman, a resident of Bowling-Green,









## AGRICULTURAL.

## One Pound of Pork From Four and a Half Pounds of Corn.

Several years ago Prof. J. B. Lawes obtained 100 pounds of pork from seven bushels of corn, or one pound of pork from four and a half pounds of corn. The grain was ground and moistened with water before feeding. A reader of the *Herald* always commences fattening in the spring, and continues a regular course of feeding throughout the season. The corn is ground and ninety pounds of hot water poured on every sixteen pounds of meal, and after standing twelve to eighteen hours, the whole mass becomes thick feed. He finds by measured experiment that the value of the corn is fully doubled by this process, as compared with corn fed in the ear, and 50 per cent. better than meal merely mixed with cold water. One bushel of corn thus prepared, after deducting 10 per cent. toll for grinding, and leaving only fifty-four pounds of pork, or at the rate of two and two-thirds pounds of corn for each pound of pork. When pork is five cents per pound he obtains at the rate of \$1 per bushel for his corn. The farmer obtains by scalding the meal one pound of pork from two and two-thirds pounds of corn—he gets 50 per cent. less, or at the rate of one pound of pork to the three and three-fourths pounds of meal, when mixed merely with cold water, which is within less than half a pound of the quantity of meal required in Lawes' experiments; when the same kind of feed was used. In his management there was every advantage of sound corn, comfortable quarters, cleanliness, regularity of feeding and quality of breeding. It may be well to state that he has found the best sound corn double the value of a great deal that is used when badly grown or imperfectly ripened, or more or less moldy.

These facts show what may be done by keeping animals growing regularly from the day of their birth until they are ready for the slaughter-house. There is an immense saving in feed by cooking it. —*Agricola in N. Y. Herald.*

## The Necessity of Grass Culture.

The cultivation of grasses and forage plants is an indispensable attribute of prosperity. Why are the lauds of Kentucky and Ohio so much more valuable than those of the cotton states, when we can produce a commercial article of prime necessity worth twice as much per acre as their products? It is because we disregard rotation, exclude every other crop but cotton and leave all our chances of success upon a single card. In an agricultural point of view grass is the greatest boon ever donated to man. It grows unsuspiciously day and night, wet and dry, cold and hot, and furnishes the cheapest stock feed extant. I have had hogs from seven to nine months old, weighing 250 pounds, and yet they have never tasted anything but grass.

The land should be well drained, and if not sufficiently rolling to drain naturally, it must be done artificially. Water must, under no circumstances, be permitted to stand on land devoted to grass culture, else the grasses sown will be destroyed in such places, and "wire grass" will furnish a substitute as unprofitable as it is undesirable.

The proper preparation of the land is of prime importance. I would use a one-horse turning plow, running at a depth of three to four inches, follow with a subsoil as deep as the best double team could draw the same, harrow well and thoroughly pulverize the soil by rolling or dragging as may be necessary in order that the surface may be smooth and adapted to the use of the mower. This preparation is not altogether necessary; in fact, clover sown in the fall or early winter is more certain to catch when sown on stubble, the trash serving to protect it while young, yet this is not best farming, and should be practiced only in cases of emergency. Occasionally we have wet weather in August and September, and grass can then be sown in corn or cotton, and by Christmas a good pasture may be obtained, provided the ground is not too wet for pasturing at that time. The most preferable method is, however, to thoroughly prepare the land as above described; the exceptions to the general rule should only be used when better preparations cannot be obtained. —*Southern Farmer.*

## For the Farmer's Wife.

One of the greatest troubles of the neat and orderly housewife in the country results from muddy boots of those members of the family who have to work in the fields, stables and the barn-yard. The wet boots must be dried, and are generally left under the kitchen stove, where their presence is very disagreeable. Now, to have a neat kitchen, there should be a boot-rack placed behind the stove, in which the damp boots may be placed to dry. Such a contrivance has been found a great convenience. It has three shelves about four feet long, ten inches wide, and placed a foot apart. At one end a boot-jack is fixed by hinges so that, when not in use, it is folded against one end of the rack and secured by a button. There is also a stand for cleaning boots at the front, which also folds up when not in use, and the blacking brushes are placed on the shelves behind the stand, and are out of sight, and when folded they hang down out of the way. The rack should be made of dressed pine boards, and stained some dark, durable color.

## Sound Ideas on Farming.

The following views on farming were thrown out by Mr. Greeley in his speech in Baltimore, and they so effectively cover the ground of successful culture that we give them a place for the benefit of our readers:

1. That the area under cultivation should be within the limits of the capital and labor employed; or in other words that on impoverished soils no one should cultivate more land than he can enrich with manure and fertilizers, be it one acre or twenty.

2. That there should be a law compelling every man to prevent his stock from degrading on his neighbor's fields.

3. That deep soil is more economical than loose pasturage.

4. That deep tillage is essential to good farming.

5. That the muck heap is the farmer's bank, and that everything should be added to it that will enlarge it, and increase at the same time its fertilizing qualities.

6. That no farmer or planter should depend upon one staple alone but should seek to secure himself against serious loss in bad seasons by diversity of products. —*Exchange.*

## Renovation of Worn Soil.

We all have lands not worn out, but tired down by continual cropping, and we always have lands that may be said to be worn out, since they are no longer productive. We now want the best and cheapest plan of renovating these lands, so as to grow remunerative crops. To do this, we must have our lands charged with a good supply of vegetable matter to make the land lively and productive. This can be obtained by the turning under of green crops and afterwards a judicious rotation of crops; in doing this, we can only cultivate what lands we can manure well, or such as have not been exhausted. Let us take the lands in the fall, break through and subsoil: in the spring, plow and sow peas about the first of June, and harrow them in.

Turn under the peas in September and sow to rye, and pasture through the winter with sheep; the second spring turn under rye at proper time and again sow to peas; these in turn to be plowed in September; then in October, by sowing one bushel of wheat or oats and thirty bushels of cotton seed per acre, and harrowing in well with clover seed lightly harrowed in the spring, you are ready for a judicious system of rotation of crops—say cotton, corn, wheat and clover. If time can be procured at reasonable prices, it should be used where green crops are turned under. —*American Farmer.*

## "Neither Cold nor Hot"

There is a class of farmers in every section of the country, who wish the Grange movement well, but will not connect themselves with it. Indecisive, cautious, conservative in their nature; they stand aloof, and can never be induced to join any reform movement until the current of popular opinion becomes too strong to be resisted. They call themselves friends of the Grange, and flatter themselves that they are really aiding it, or at least doing it no injury, and are slow to avail themselves of any advantage that the efforts and labors of others may afford them. They doubt the feasibility of the movement, perhaps, think it may not be successful, they will wait and see. And while their neighbors and friends are laboring with heart and hand for the common good, they look calmly on; or watch suspiciously from a safe distance, ready when the moment of victory comes, to seize a fair share of the spoils. Such men, while not open enemies, do the order infinitely more harm. Opposition is expected from certain classes, but not from farmers themselves—the very men the order was organized to assist and protect. An intelligent farmer said to me not long since that he should not join the Grange, for it could not be successful—farmers could not co-operate like men of other occupations, and the movement would therefore be ephemeral. He admitted that the objects were praiseworthy, that it ought to succeed, but nevertheless, because he thought success very doubtful, he stood aloof. If it does fail, such men will cause it, and if all men acted upon this principle, no reform would ever be inaugurated. Such men are not true to themselves—they are moral cowards. Every man is morally bound to aid every movement that he thinks is right, and he will be held responsible if he fails to do so. I am not speaking of those whose conscientious scruples prevent them from joining. There are many good men who do not like the secret feature, and will not join on that account. Others may find other things in the way. This is all right. But no man violate his conscience, let him who believes and acknowledges the movement to be a commendable one, and will not aid it because it may fail, must take the responsibility of that failure, should it come, for he, and such as he, are only to blame.

## The Dignity of Farming.

Agriculture has been the chosen occupation of the great and good of every age. Warriors, philosophers, orators, and statesmen—King David, Cato, Cicero, Lafayette, Garibaldi, Prince Albert, Lafayette and Washington, all have made their their favorite employment. Poets have sung her praises from Herod to Virgil, and down to our own Whittier. The cultivation of the earth was the first, the "heaven-appointed," employment of mankind. "Agriculture is the mother of all wealth."

Benjamin Franklin says: "There are three ways for a nation to acquire wealth: First, by war—this is robbery; second, by commerce—this is, frequently, cheating; then by agriculture—this is the only honest way whereby a man receives a real increase of wealth thrown into the ground, in a continual miracle, wrought by the hand of God in his

favor, as a reward for his innocent life and his virtuous industry." Washington says: "Agriculture is the most healthful, most useful, and most noble employment of man."

Yet, notwithstanding the encomiums of poets, the praise of philosophers, the example of the illustrious and the fact that agriculture is the foundation of all civilization, it is still an undeniable fact that in many sections of our country, the average farmer is shiftless and ignorant, his farm neglected, and unattractive, fences rotten, wagons and tools rickety and rusty, cattle and horses ribby, and, as might be expected, bartering the best meats, choicest fruits and grains for greenbacks, and keeping the offal of his farm for his family to consume. Heaven never appointed man to live and work in this manner.

One of the most disheartening facts connected with agriculture, has been the unwillingness on the part of too many of our farmers to adopt the improvements of the day. It is said that when Jethro Wood introduced the iron plow-share, the majority of farmers said, "the old plow is best after all, it is not so heavy, there is not so much iron about it to break, and, besides, the wooden wheel board won't rust." To show what aversion and unreasoning prejudices exist in many stagnant agricultural districts against every new improvement, it is reported that there are back neighborhoods in our Southern States, where the plowman still fastens the tails of his cattle to the plow, unwilling to own that any other method has equal advantages.

All this is reproach—a wrong upon the highest industry in existence.

We are glad to know that a new era is dawning in the agricultural world. Thoughtful, trained, sharp, incisive thought is becoming the farmer's tutelage; books, pamphlets, and papers are now being read and studied, and literary and intellectual culture is throwing around his home comforts and elegance that by right belong to his noble labor.

## For The Hartford Herald.

## CULTURE OF THE GRAPE.

## NUMBER III.

## Trellis vs. Stakes.

We presume profit is the object the grape-grower has in view, and the way he can make the most with the least expense—honestly—is the right way with him. Net profit is a potent argument, and it should be. Now let us investigate the matter, and see where the profit is to be found. We will take one acre of vines trained to stakes, counting cost and profit. As a stake is required for each vine, and as we can't grow the vine to any length, they are planted closer together, requiring at least one-fourth more vines, and thrice as many stakes, as to plant and trellis an acre. Of necessity, the vines and fruit grow in a dense mass, excluding air and sunshine to such an extent as to materially affect the perfect maturity of the fruit, and making it impossible to practice any system of training and pruning. To train to stakes, we are compelled to cut back so short that the loss in fruit thus sustained is greater than the additional outlay for the trellis. Now for the facts and the figures. It will take 1,210 vines, 6 feet apart each way, and as many stakes to the acre. Vines, at 10 cents each, amount to \$121; stakes, at 5 cents each, \$60; total, \$181. Those 5 cents stakes will last but few years, and we will say nothing of the inconvenience of tying and training to stakes, but will pass on to the trellis. We will erect the trellis by setting cedar posts, 3 or 4 inches in diameter, 64 feet long, 20 inches deep, 14 feet apart, in rows 6 feet apart. Run a No. 14 wire (annealed) 24 feet from the ground, and make fast to each post by means of a small staple or nail. Run a second wire on the top of the posts, make fast in like manner as the first, and the trellis is complete. Cost of trellis per acre: 260 posts at 10 cents each, \$26; No. 14 wire (54 feet to the pound) 280 lbs. at 124 cents, \$35; vines, 8 feet, in rows 6 feet apart, 910, at 10 cents each, \$91, total, \$182. Now, on the trellis, we can grow 6 pounds of better fruit per vine, and with more certainty, than we can 3 pounds on a stake. Now for results: 1,210 vines, 3 pounds each, 3,630 pounds, 910 vines on trellis, 6 pounds each, 5,460 pounds. In favor of trellis, 1,830 pounds, or, at 5 cents per pound, \$91.50, just the cost of the trellis. As to the durability of the two, there is no comparison.

We could say something in reference to the beauty, pleasure and convenience of the trellis over the stake system, but for fear, have just made the strongest argument known to mankind. Dismisses of the grape next week.

J. B. C.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—Take one cup of sugar, one-fourth cup of butter, one cup of milk, two tablespoonsful of baking powder rubbed in the flour dry. Flour enough to thicken as other cake. This quantity will make eight layers baked in pie-pans. Flour, water and sugar, boiled together and flavored with lemon, spread between the layers.

Better than anything else, and easily obtained and applied, and a sure cure for chilblains, is to soak the frozen feet in strong warm water. Mix it nearly to the consistency of white wash. It will stop the itching in five minutes, and will permanently cure in a few applications. Let the feet remain in until the dead skin will freely rub off. Apply every evening until a cure is effected.

To clean jewelry rub a brush—a tooth brush is best—first on a piece of common chalk, then on the jewelry, dampening the latter by breathing upon it.

When powder gets into the flesh, by explosion or otherwise, it can be re-

moved by a mixture of sweet oil and cider vinegar, in equal quantities, applied to the surface.

An intimate mixture of one part of Paris rouge (oxide of iron) with six parts of carbonate of magnesia is one of the best polishing powders, not only for silver, but for iron, steel, copper, or gold. It is best used with a rag dipped in a little water or alcohol, and then rubbed until nearly dry, when the object is cleaned with soft leather. This powder has a pink color, and was first suggested by the German chemist Thomas Wegler.

ORANGE CAKE.—Three cups sugar, one cup of butter, one-half cup milk, one teaspoonful salaratus, three-quarters pound raisins chopped fine, one grated orange, four eggs, four cups flour.

SILVER CAKE.—White of six eggs beaten to a froth, one cup butter, two cups sugar, three cups flour, one-half cup of sweet milk, teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda.

CHEAP, NICE PUDDING.—Boil one quart milk then add three tablespoonsful of flour, four eggs, six tablespoonsful of sugar, nutmeg. Bake half an hour. If wanted richer add raisins.

CORN CAKE.—Take one quart of cornmeal, half a teaspoon of salt, and half a teaspoon of molasses; pour boiling water upon the meal until a thick batter is formed; then bake in a very hot oven.

TO CLEAN LIME OUT OF THE TEA KETTLE.—Boil in the kettle Irish potatoes with the skins on. This softens the lime, which is easily washed out.

PUFF CAKE.—Two cups flour, two cups sugar, one cup sweet milk, two eggs, two tablespoonsful of baking powder; add the milk last.

TO COOK A CHECKER OR JOUL.—Having separated it from the head and out of the fore part, take the check only, clean it thoroughly, let it lie in cold water twenty-four hours to draw out the blood, put into a weak brine, and let it remain one, two, or three weeks. Now parboil it—score and season it for baking. Have ready a dish of beans (if you are fond of the article), place the checker thereon and bake thoroughly, and if the operation has been well performed, you have a "good dinner." It may be eaten warm, but is best when cold, even to freezing.

CHEAP VINEGAR.—Take a quantity of common Irish potatoes, wash them until they are thoroughly clean, place them in large vessels and boil them until done. Drain off carefully the water they were cooked in, strain it, if necessary, in order to remove every particle of the potato. Then put this potato water into a jug or keg, which set near the stove, or in some place where it will be kept warm, and add one pound of sugar to about two and one-half gallons of water, and some hop yeast. Let it stand three or four weeks, and you will have excellent vinegar, at a cost of six or seven cents per gallon. —*Journal of Chemistry.*

THE KIND OF PORK TO BUY.—Pork differs much in the quality according to the mode of feeding, and it is always desirable to know who fed the pig, if possible, before you buy the meat. Butchers are sometime in the habit of keeping pigs and feeding them on the nauseous and decaying offal of the shambles. It is never safe to buy your pork from a butcher that feeds pigs himself. The farm-house or the miller's pigs are generally fed wholesome, and kept clean; and you may depend on pork or bacon bought directly from them. Pork should not be fat, the meat should be close in the grain, and fat and lean should be of a pinkish white. It is not a very wholesome, and economical meat for a family when eaten fresh, though when salted it is the prime dish of the poor laborer and the most useful meat to every rank of society.

THE CARE OF OIL CLOTHS.—An oil cloth requires careful treatment, and should never be scrubbed with a brush, but after being swept with the long handled hair brushes that are made for the purpose, it should be carefully washed with a large, soft cloth dipped into milk and water—half-and-half; or if the milk is not obtainable, tepid water without soap. The latter ruins oil cloth by taking off the brightness of the paint, and it should never be applied to it. Hot water is also very injurious to it; either of them—soap or hot water—being sure to injure the oil cloth more than the wear of it. When washed over, wipe it off with a soft, dry cloth, and it will retain a bright look. In purchasing an oil cloth, it is very desirable to obtain one that has been made several years, as the longer it has lain unwashed the better it will wear—the point becoming harder and more durable. An oil cloth made within the year is hardly worth buying, as the paint will be defaced in a short time.

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LOUISVILLE WEEKLY

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MAUZY & HURT,

Jan. 20, 1875. ja20 ly

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I will also pay the highest cash price for hides, sheepskins, eggs, butter, bacon, potatoes, beans, etc.

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## REPRESENTATIVE AND CHAMP-

ION OF AMERICAN ART TASTE

PROSPECTUS FOR 1875—EIGHTH YEAR.

## THE ALDINE

THE ART JOURNAL OF AMERICA,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

A MAGNIFICENT CONCEPTION WONDERFULLY CARRIED OUT.

The necessity of a popular medium for the representation of the productions of our great artists has always been recognized, and many attempts have been made to meet the want. The successive failures which have so invariably followed each attempt in this country to establish an art journal, did not prove the indifference of the people of America to the claims of high art. So soon as a proper appreciation of the want and an ability to meet it were shown, the public at once rallied with enthusiasm to its support, and the result was a great artistic and commercial triumph—THE ALDINE.

The Aldine while issued with all the regularity, has none of the temporary or merely illustrative character of ordinary periodicals. It is an elegant miscellany of pure, light, and graceful literature, and a collection of pictures, the rarest collection of artistic skill, in black and white. Aldine makes successful number affords a fresh pleasure to its friends, the real value and beauty of The Aldine will be most appreciated after it is bound up at the close of the year. While other publications may claim superior cheapness, as compared with rivals of a similar class, The Aldine is a unique and original conception—alone and unsurpassed—absolutely without competition in price or character. The possessor of a complete volume cannot duplicate the quantity of fine paper and engravings in any other shape or number of volumes, for ten times the cost, and there is the chronic, besides!

The national feature of The Aldine must be taken in no narrow sense. True art is cosmopolitan. While The Aldine is a strictly American institution, it does not confine itself to the production of native art. Its mission is to cultivate broad and appreciative art taste, and that will discriminate between the good and the bad, and while pleading before the patron of The Aldine, as a leading characteristic, the production of the most noble and meritorious art, it will give to its subscribers, from foreign masters, giving subscribers all the pleasure and instruction obtainable from home or foreign sources.

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"Man's Unselfish Friend"

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